But though they iumpe not on a iuſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where they ayme reports,
Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing vp to *Cipres*.
Du. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me to the error,
But the mayne Article I doe approue
In fearefull ſenſe *Enter a Meſſenger:*
One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?
Officer. A meſſenger from the Galleys,
Du. Now, the buſineſſe?
Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rohdes*,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior *Angelo*.
Du. How ſay you by this change?
Sena. This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon—
Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſt in: if we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the *Turke* is ſo vnskilfull,
To leaue that lateſt which oncernes him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſſe.
Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*.
Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Meſſenger.*
Meſ. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gratious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted them with an after fleete,
1 *Sena.* I, ſo I thought, how many, as you gueſſe.
Meſ. Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterne
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cyprus*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,

With

With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Du. Tis certaine then for *Cyprus*,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in towne?
1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.
Du. Write from vs to him poſt, poſt haſt

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, I
Deſdemona, *and Officers*.

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the va
Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imp
Againſt the generall enemy *Ottoman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior
We lackt your counſell, and your helpe to n
Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pa
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſi
Hath rais'd me from my bed, not doth the g
Take hold of me, for my particular griefe,
Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrow
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Du. Why, whats the matter?
Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.
All. Dead?
Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupte
By ſpels and medicines, bought of Mounteb
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of ſenſe
Sans witchcraft could not.
Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule p
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelf
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitter lette
After its owne ſenſe, yea tho our proper ſo
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;